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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1939.

Corporation Stockholders.

When we are told in wild-eyed language that the country is going to the demerol house, and that the speed of our going is constantly being accelerated, let us ask the demagogue to pause an instant, while we reflect with him. Let us look about and see of what character of man the great majority of American citizens is composed. It is not the millionaire class nor the very poor that predominate, but the great middle class, most of them well-to-do and all in comfortable circumstances.

If evidence is needed, it can be found in a list of shareholders of corporations. Not the widows and orphans for whom some of the captains of industry are so solicitous, but the man who by his own efforts has saved some money and has invested it. More than 2,000,000 persons are stockholders in the large corporations whose shares are listed in Wall street, and probably another 2,000,000 are investors in smaller enterprises. These added to real estate owners will make fully half the voters of the land stable citizens, who favor peace and quiet pursuits to financial and industrial disturbances.

Pennsylvania Railroad stock is the most widely distributed of all. No less than 60,000 individuals hold shares of this corporation. The Illinois Central, the Steel Corporation, the Atchafalaya, and Bell Telephone are others that are held in small lots. Prosperity for the nation means prosperity for a large number, and the thrifty citizen makes investments which return a small but regular income. The day of wild-cat speculation, of investing in visionary enterprises, is nearing a close. It means the dawning of a better day for the country, and the coming of a long reign of peace.

The South and the Hookworm.

Great enthusiasm prevails that Mr. John D. Rockefeller has opened his ample strong box and promised to give \$1,000,000 for the purpose of exterminating throughout the South that somewhat weird and as yet unfamiliar pest, the hookworm. The hookworm, we are assured, is a terrible animal of microscopic proportions, responsible for much laziness and general "cussedness"—heretofore so called—in Dixie land.

The heretofore mentioned "great enthusiasm," we hasten to add, seems, strangely enough, confined largely to communities north of Mason and Dixon's line. Below that celebrated limit there appears to exist a marked hesitancy in accepting the oil king's indicated philanthropy—a hesitancy, indeed, that suggests a decided inclination to look this particular equine thing of gift persuasion in the buccal muscles between somewhat suspiciously and with extreme caution.

Far be it from us to say the hookworm is the most pestiferous and depraved organism known to bacteriology. Perhaps it has been rushing around seeking whom it might devour all these weary years down Carolina, Tennessee, and Alabama way. It may have been responsible for the free silver craze, the boll weevil, and near-by, for aught we know to the contrary. To tell the truth, we suspect it is guilty of all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors. We admit our relative unimportance in the premises, however, the while we arise to inquire: Does Dixie quite appreciate Mr. Rockefeller's benign intent? Alas, we fear Dixie has misgivings.

Says the Macon Telegraph:

"This new slander on the South ought to be rejected by every Southerner that has red blood in his veins. Those that have no blood or resentment, why, let them take the kerensia oil cure, if they want to."

"George has her peasant and pauper. Mexico has her ponies; the cities of the North have their slums—every land and every section has its own human degradation. That the South is any worse off than the balance of the world is the rottest kind of red." The truth is there is no land of greater health and vigor in the world than this Southland.

"Seriously, the whole blooming farce is a libel on the South, calculated and intended to keep desirable immigrants from coming among us. It is a stratagem of the enemy."

"It is a part of that warfare that began more than fifty years ago, but more insidious and dangerous because it comes in the guise of friendship, 'bearing gifts.' Away with it!"

The Charlotte Observer smells—or thinks it smells—a strong odor of oil about the proposal, and says:

"Toward Mr. John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$1,000,000 to fight hookworm ravages in the South we have no unqualified words. It may be well meant, and it will doubtless do some good. But thanks to Mr. Rockefeller are quite another matter. If our request or acceptance had been necessary the gift would never have been made. * * * Mr. Rockefeller, with \$3,000,000 already given or set aside, is in a splendid way to take over the South. At the present rate there will soon be very few people left in this section who can decently open their mouths about him or the things he stands for except in praise."

The Birmingham Age-Herald views the matter with something akin to mild interest and considerable tolerance, saying:

"If Mr. Rockefeller desires to spend \$1,000,000 on an effort to trace the hookworm to its lair, no one need object; but it is scarcely just to the South to assume that the parasite is confined to this section of the country. * * * We need not, however, admit

that a habitat of the hookworm is the South. Its lair is, in fact, the wide, wide world."

The Nashville American says:

"Through the honest but hasty benevolence of Mr. John D. Rockefeller the South is given another undesirable exploitation before the world. By the gift of \$1,000,000 from Mr. Rockefeller's ample store of money is given to the exaggerated statements and erroneous conclusions of a sensational penny-a-line magazine writer who set out to prove a certain theory, and who, like the man who said the South was sixteen hands high, when he wasn't, is determined to stick to it."

"If Mr. Rockefeller, instead of wasting \$1,000,000 chasing an igit fatums, would devote that sum and a few million more to the establishment of county agricultural schools in the South, where the children, even the adult farmers, could be shown how, with no more labor, to make two blades of grass grow where they have been growing only one, and the investigators at the Capital would not need to worry about the ravages of the hookworm. That will come true."

The Charleston News and Courier merely notes Mr. Rockefeller's statement that he may "be drawn on, within five years, for a sum totaling not more than \$1,000,000," and suggests that drafts be made at once, adding:

"Five years is a mighty long time."

Through all of this we imagine we see the outcropping of one ingrained Southern characteristic that ought to be tolerably easy of perception by all the world nowadays—its instinctive and unfeeling resentment of patronizing persons. Mr. Rockefeller's forthcoming gift may have been conceived in all generosity. Admitting, for the argument's sake, anyway, that it was, it has served, nevertheless, to call forth no end of "uplift" editorials, in the North especially, wherein this alleged "scourge of the South," this "blighter of manhood and womanhood," this "awful pest among a helpless and woe-begone people," and its pernicious activities have been sadly overdone. And the South does not like it, and we do not blame the South, either.

Let the anti-hookworm crusade proceed along orderly and sensible lines. Whatever comes of it worth while, all right. If nothing comes of it, Mr. Rockefeller will be out \$1,000,000, which, happily, he can afford. But it is not at all necessary to picture the South as wallowing in the ragged edge of utter despair as we go along, and all because it is full of hookworms and has just found it out.

There are other unmitigated nuisances besides the hookworm in this land of the free and home of the brave. And not all of them rage and cavort throughout Dixie.

Heiresses and Matrimony.

The Chicago Woman's Club, which is known as both exclusive and wealthy in its membership, proposes that its members shall train their daughters to make good wives for poor young men. This is a distinct departure among the dowagers of that city who, it has been understood, have hitherto regarded the possession of dollars as at least one essential element of eligibility. But these mothers appear to have daughters with minds of their own upon the vital question of matrimony. One of them is quoted as making this wise comment: "A girl never knows what kind of a man she will marry. She may fall in love with a poor young man, whose salary will preclude the possibility of keeping servants." There sounds a note of unconscious sadness in this conclusion. But it is in reality a cause of rejoicing, not alone to the young men of Chicago who are eligible in character, if not in wealth, but to the fair young maid as well.

The fact is that love will find a way, in Chicago as in the rest of the country. But it is encouraging to know that the daughters of the rich are going to receive systematic training for domesticity. Presumably, the instruction will include lessons in cooking, which shall include the making of bread as well as of cake, and the understanding of the range as well as the chafing dish. The course of training may even extend to the alteration of gowns and the reconstruction of bonnets. But this announcement ought to put upon their mettle the young men of Chicago who are striving to increase inadequate incomes. They ought to meet this maternal programme with the determination of intensified industry and concentrated ambition for the possession of a home. May the wedding bells ring more numerous and always joyously on the shore of Lake Michigan.

A New Jersey inventor says "the time is near at hand when the great bulk of the people will have wages." We suppose so—or necks, or gizzards, or feet. Guess we all know who will get the breadstuffs and second-joints.

A fierce discussion is raging in St. Louis as to whether Napoleon sold the Levant always on the side of the lord "battalions" or "artillery." It must be the beer that starts so many grand, gloomy, and peculiar discussions in that town.

The generally supercilious Richmond Times-Dispatch refers to the esteemed and usually punctiliously polite Norfolk Landmark as "blundering, thick-witted, and hopelessly obfuscated." May an innocent bystander be permitted to suggest the propriety of a round of mint juleps at this particular stage of the proceedings?

Mr. Thomas Collier Platt, moreover, cannot prove that he discovered Mr. Theodore Bwana Tumbo Roosevelt. Mr. Platt's Eskimos have long refused either to confirm or deny the story.

"Speaker Cannon quotes the Apostle Paul glibly enough," says the St. Louis Republic. Were Paul alive, he might find it embarrassing to return the compliment, for reasons unnecessary to mention, of course.

"Don't forget Philadelphia," advises the Chicago Post. But, why not, if one may manage to?

It is proposed that Mr. Aldrich and Mr. La Follette discuss the tariff before a Wisconsin audience. That would afford an excellent opportunity to contrast soft pedal and loud pedal music.

Mr. Tillman's idea that free lunch is good enough for anybody—or even Presidents—may appear sound to some people, but, as a matter of fact, there is no such thing as free lunch. Somebody has to pay for it.

Mr. Herbert Parsons estimates Mr. Bannard's prospective majority over Judge Taylor at 70,000. Mr. Parsons is the gentleman who also predicts that he will put Mr. Speaker Cannon out of business et cetera.

Mr. Parsons' career as a prophet will be watched by the country at large with marked interest, in all probability.

In stating specifically and unequivocally that he did not reach the south pole, Lieut. Shackelford seems to have escaped being called several kinds of a liar.

Mr. Aldrich is reported to be "perfectly charmed with France." To conclude, however, that France will institute a future rigid quarantine against that gentleman would, perhaps, do a certain measure of violence to the probable.

A Connecticut chemist has discovered a kind of bacteria which, when added to inferior brands of butter, will make them rival the finest products of the dairy," says the Punksstaway Spirit. We should rejoice and was exceeding glad in this knowledge were we not depressed by a haunting idea that some predatory trust will promptly corner the particular bacteria supply herein indicated.

Prof. Jack Johnson is grand old Texas' grandest young cullud punson, of course.

The Montgomery Advertiser of Saturday last carried a most interesting editorial on "The Value of Cottonseed." It is agreed generally that cottonseed makes first-rate "genuine Italian olive oil."

Fortunately, the average campaign editorial set in box-car letters is exceedingly easy to forget.

Having put the stillworm out of existence down Dixie way, it is now proposed by reformers to put the hookworm in like condition.

"Drink champagne only," advises Senator Dewey. Parallel advice would suggest that men be Chauncey Dewey only.

The Speaker is a militant stamptender, all right. He plays the game as if he were pretty well satisfied with his hand.

Having read the New York papers of Monday with some considerable degree of attention to detail, we have reached the inevitable conclusion that New York is to have three mayors, most unfortunately, on deposit in the defunct bank.

Rooseville, Ga., was recently wiped off the map by a cyclone. Boxy propositions of all kinds seem to be experiencing hard luck in Georgia.

In the articles of agreement between James J. Jeffries and Jack Johnson it is stipulated that the forthcoming fight shall continue for "forty-five rounds, or more." Still, real sporting fans will hope it means "more or less."

The failure of Oklahoma's guaranteed-bank-deposit law to work smoothly has been explained. A large section of the late guarantee fund was, most unfortunately, on deposit in the defunct bank.

So Mr. Roosevelt is coming home sooner than he originally expected to. It must not be concluded, however, that the recent tendency among newspapers to give somebody else's name an occasional top-column-nest-pure-reading-material position has anything to do with his change of programme.

The President's recently expressed lukewarmness toward the "Dig her deep through Dixie" idea may have been due to New Orleans' failure to get him on the outside of two or three sarsaparilla cocktails of the positively genuine persuasion.

PRINTED OF PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Taft's Persistent Voice.

From the Cleveland Leader.

The President, you will notice, is a man who can lose his voice and keep right on making speeches.

Mr. Cannon's Constituents.

From the New York Sun.

Cannon takes his dry smoke and cultivates his flow of epithet, and he considers his constituents between paroxysms.

Mr. Roosevelt's Return.

From the Springfield Republican.

So Col. Roosevelt is to return sooner than expected? Is it that big game is running out? Or does America promise bigger?

Mr. Tillman's Absentment.

From the Norfolk Landmark.

We don't blame Senator Tillman about that Co-banquet. An invited guest ought to be a invited guest, not a paying number.

Mr. Bryan's Discovery.

From the Philadelphia Press.

At the Democratic Clubbing house W. J. Bryan recently thinks he has found a red rat in the tariff and is about to present it to Miss Democracy with the usual demand for her favor.

Mr. Ballinger on Irrigation.

From the Toledo Journal.

Mr. Ballinger, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, is in favor of irrigation where results will warrant the expense. His position in this respect ought to be satisfactory to every one.

Mr. Flint and Lemons.

From the Kansas City Times.

Senator Flint has nothing to show for his service to the tariff, so, in the name of common sense, let him have nothing to show for his demand for additional protection as a means of making additional profit.

Mr. Loeb's Methods.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is only fair to accept the explanation of Collector Loeb that the course he pursued was the only one possible by which inside evidence could be secured against the infamously evasive in the ranks of the customs service.

Mr. Aldrich's Clitchee.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

There appears to be a considerable group of Senators, with Aldrich at their head, who arrogate to themselves a superior wisdom in matters of legislation and government administration which they feel entitled to impose upon the country regardless of the sentiment or the wishes of the people.

LITTLE TOWNS.

The years pass slow o'er little towns that most of us might name.

Year after year shows little change—each starts and ends the same;

The same old depot, once bright red, but marred by wind and rain;

Stands just as in the years gone by, to greet the daily train.

They're built a bank up on the "square"—a brand-new one, of stone;

But such improvement stopped right there, and let the town alone.

And on the streets the people that all day and never fall

To be there when the boy brings in the limp old sack of mail.

There's peace and comfort in the air of little towns, where life

Is wholly free from grinding work; from woes and pain and strife;

So men we know when little boys are free from sorrow's care

And would be just as young as then, but for a few gray hairs.

Don't ridicule the little towns; its life is far from dead.

It may have halted in its tracks and let the world rush past.

But hearts it holds are stanch and true, and such are hard to sway.

That made its people free from care are still alive to-day.

So here's a greeting to the town that somehow failed to grow.

Here's to the folks it holds; it holds, that hold it to be true;

And here's to all its simple things; its plain, unvarnished life.

That hold it, something very rare, an honest place on earth.

—Dallas News.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A WELCOME OFFER.

A peddler on a Bagdad street
Appeared one day.
This was the burden of his bleat.
His plaintive lullaby:
"Good people, I desire no gold;
I would exchange new jokes for old."

To see that peddler, I would love,
And so, I guess,
Would sundry other jesters of
The daily press.
Of humorists' help please a few.
We'd gladly swap old jokes for new.

Offensive Humor.

"What are you doing down town?"
"Trying to get something for my wife."
"Had any offers?"

Waiting to Gloat.

"We got our cook and our housemaid
to take opposite sides on this polar question."
"And that means?"
"That they'll both stay with us until it is settled."

Dismal Dope.

The time has come when poets hum
Their sentimental lull
And ladle out sad stuff about
The melancholy days.

As to an Actor.

"Why didn't he make good?"
"Well, he tried to take a dress suit
and a bunch of epigrams into vaudeville."

Very Irritating.

"Lonelyville has too many petty thieves.
You know that valuable watchdog I bought?"
"Yes."
"Some trifling person stole him the first week."

His Revenge.

"What do you want with that old scrubbing brush?"
"I wish to clip a few bristles. I've had a quarrel with my girl and she insists that I return her lock of hair."

AN OLYMPIAN FABLE.

Martha Young, in the New York Sun.

It chanced once upon a time that the people dead and unfamed set a task to the poets dead and famed.

As it happened poets and people, meeting upon one crystal plane amid the circling spheres, began to make talk concerning all the love poems ever penned.

So it happened that there was one little love poem which was pronounced by every one of the vast assembly to be the poem that had earliest appealed to the heart, that had lingered longest in memory, and the poem was this:

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you!

Here was the perfect love ditty, truth, color, compliment, sentiment, all therein. Whereupon, this decision reached, the people demanded that each poet in turn should, in the style pre-empted by his genius, write a love verse as nearly after this immortal couplet as permissible by the Muses of the gods of each.

Robert Browning made first essay, not dispensing with the editing and marginal notes of Isral Gollancz:

A LOVER SPEAKS. described
rose—red, violet—blue, also violet
Violet, blue, violet—blue, also violet
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
So (love) you!

Then to the trial came Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who wrote:

A SONNET FROM THE PERUVIAN.

(This sonnet, obviously incomplete, was discovered in the fragmentary state upon the lips of a boy of Peru.)

First time I kissed the Rose I kissed thy red,
And then the Violet claimed a kiss of blue;
What kiss, O soul love, claim I myself?
A kiss as sugar sweet. So, all is said—
Then sing, oh, sing, my love, your royal head.

John Galsworthy, mayhap a bit abashed at being called upon to make easy with the great, yet wrote true to the inspiration of her own lifting muse:

Hey! Rose, are you red?
And Violet, are you blue?
High-lo! Sugar is sweet—
And my love, my own love, so are you!

Leigh Hunt meretriciously made effort, but the blessed soul skipped the saccharine matter of the set subject and altogether omitted the second personal note:

Summer kissed me when we met,
And then the Violet kissed a kiss of blue;
Kissed me! Still my cheek is wet,
With her red rose-kiss—met that in—
Then violet, blue, violet—blue, also violet

So she had—T'm glad and add—
Summer kissed me!

Then Tennyson:

Red, red, red is the rose,
Blue in simple and hood,
Violet white in the wood;
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sugar doth ever increase
Sweetness of you—and the rose.

Swinging madly:
Red and blue's blood and warm withal as love
Are you, oh Rose!

And Violet's sweetest as woman's glow,
Or woman's eyes as blue
All blue—blue—blue
Are you.

Red are your lips and punctured anarchy—
(Chop, chop, chop)
No kiss can pierce your crispness to decline:
So my lips lip
You sweetest
Ah, you—

Matthew Arnold:
What boots it, Red Rose, that the breeze
Whispered to the ear the red set in—
Your crimson might can risk or edify:
Thus Violet bids her blue. Ah! All the day,
So sugar love the sweet. This true:
And red, blue, sweetest all hold you.
Rossetti:

The Red Rose leaped across the bar
(Why the bar I do not know);
The Violet blue shone from the after
(Old ad derived it should be red,
Sugar's sweet on our lost star—
To name you so—there none!

A Large Experience.

From The-Bits.

The attractive young lady who had written "urgent" on her card was shown into the consulting room of Sir Choppin Pym, head of the famous surgical hospital in Spitalfields.

"And what is the matter with you?" said the great man.

"I wish," she answered, "to become a nurse in this institution."

The surgeon tapped a thoughtful tooth with his lancet. "First, one question: Have you any previous experience?"

"She dazzled him with a reassuring smile."

"Experience?" she cried. "I should just think so. Two of my brothers play football for the famous Pym's, and I have been in an aeroplane of my own make, mother is a suffragette, and father keeps a motor car."

Or Any Other Country.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

It is reported that King George of Greece will abdicate and that the Greek army will offer the crown to the Duke d'Abuzzi. An American woman ought to make a good Queen of Greece.

Internal or External Use?

From the Boston Transcript.

Young woman customer—I'd like some rice, please. You have different qualities, haven't you?

Grocer—Yes, miss—wedding or pudding?

In the Wrong Shop.

From the Messenger-Blaetter.

Lady—I would like you to paint my portrait with my hat on.

Painter—Good gracious, madam, you'll have to go to a landscape painter for that.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

Virginia Seeks a Flower.

There is a lively discussion in Virginia over the adoption of a State flower. The daisy has been suggested, and it is both affirmed and denied that this flower was first brought South by Northern soldiers during the civil war. The goldenrod is already the chosen flower of Alabama, Kentucky, Maryland, and Nebraska.

Arkansas and Michigan have adopted the apple blossom, Louisiana and Mississippi the magnolia, Washington and West Virginia the rhododendron, Iowa and North Dakota the wild rose, California has the poppy, Colorado the columbine, Connecticut the mountain laurel, Delaware the peach blossom, Idaho the syringa, Indiana chooses corn, Kansas the sunflower, Maine the pine cone, Minnesota the mosses, Montana the bitter root, New York the rose, Ohio the red carnation, Oklahoma the mistletoe, Oregon the grape, Rhode Island the violet, South Dakota "pasque," Texas the blue bonnet, Utah the Sego, Vermont red clover.

Tennessee the daisy, this question has been settled in Great Britain, where Scotland has the thistle, England the rose, Everybody knows where the shamrock grows. Then there are the lilies of France and, perhaps, the hops of Germany.

British Taxes and Temperance.

Increased taxes on spirits in Great Britain have not increased the government's income, but they have lessened the consumption of strong drink and made the people more temperate. That was not the purpose of the chancellor of the exchequer, who merely sought larger public revenue to build more battle ships, but incidentally he has caused moral results. In some districts of Ireland, his figures showed, the consumption of liquor had declined to per cent in certain parts of Scotland 70 per cent, and it was also true that those who had given up whisky had not for the most part turned to beer. Altogether, as the result of the increased taxes \$3,000,000 gallons less whisky a year were now being consumed, and this will involve, if maintained, an improvement in the condition of the people. Even the finges ought to feel pleased for a good reason. The government would be a much tougher customer for the dreaded rival across the North Sea to conquer either in commercial or military warfare.

The Soldiers of France.

The decreasing number of soldiers in France may lead to the use of blacks in Africa as military reserves. Two years ago there were 457,000 young Frenchmen serving with the colors. Owing to the adoption of the two-year system, and the decline in the population, the French army twenty-seven years hence will, it is estimated, have sunk to 375,000. To fill the void, all the military authorities, and most of the parliamentarian men, with the exception of the Socialists, advocate the formation of a black army, recruited in the French Sudan, and available not only for African service, but also in the event of war, for service in Europe. England may come to the same pass, if military grows upon her; and, in the course of time, Europe will witness the spectacle of the black men from Africa and the brown men from India fighting the white men's battles in the so-called heart of Western civilization.

The Morgan Library.

John P. Morgan's library includes wonderful treasures of the Bibliophile. He has acquired volumes not to be found in the British Museum, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Vatican, or the Laurentian, Martian, or Ambrosian libraries. They are a fine contribution to the literary treasures of America. Among the original manuscripts are Milton's "Paradise Lost," Keats' "Endymion," Byron's "Don Juan," Pope's "Essay on Man," Burns' "Tam o' Shanter," and "Cotter's Saturday Night," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Even du Maurier's "Trilby," with original drawings, is there, as though Mr. Morgan were determined that Europe would not enjoy the most sophisticated of recent English literature should find a welcome under his literary roof-tree.

A Historic Document.

A document relating to Mary Queen of Scots has been discovered in Dunrobin Castle, which might have changed the course of her life. This paper was the original dispensation granted by the Vatican to Lady Jane Gordon to enable her to marry her cousin, the Earl of Bothwell. When the latter wanted to divorce his first wife, Gordon null and void on the ground of their relationship and obtained a divorce. The assumption is that Lady Bothwell was only too glad to get rid of the aristocratic blackguard and his humbug.

The operation of the Darwinian law made him Senate dictator. He came to the Senate twenty-eight years ago, grounded in the game through experience in a city council, a State legislature, and the House of Representatives. Were he merely mediocre, the Senate system and its traditions of seniority would make him an influential figure now. The system of rolling up the ranks of party regularity. The veteran Senators, who are mostly New England Senators, control the committee assignments. When it comes to legislation, a tariff bill, for instance, the control gives them the initiative and direction of it. It is de-ide on what New England must have, and they count the number of votes they need, added to their own, to form a majority of the Republican majority. Those votes are secured by giving enough Senators what they want out of the bill. Republican Senators left out in the cold must go along or be guilty of party disloyalty.

Aldrich is the greatest expert at this system that Congress has seen. It is his danger, lies in the example of rebellion set last spring by Beveridge, of Indiana, and the Mississippi Valley Senators. They bolted the Aldrich tariff. If such rebellion is not only to go unpunished but even to prosper, the Aldrich control and the old Senate system will totter. Last spring the absence of effective Democratic opposition led to a large degree, the Republican defeat. Aldrich himself has never furnished a more interesting study than now, when, at the height of his power, that power is so seriously threatened. Stand or fall, he will not compromise. He was never so arbitrary as last spring.

Old Saying Recalled.

From the Manchester Union.

Reduction of the price of the New York Tribune from 10 cents to 1 cent recalls the Horacio Greeley's income reply to the politician who telegraphed an inquiry as to what he would take for the Tribune: "1 cent per copy."

Indian Summer.

O bless the Indian brand of summer! We're all agreed that it's a hummer; the red men, in a general way, don't cut much ice or bale much hay; their record couldn't be much hummer. They don't excel at useful labors, at painting or at wielding Fabers; no Injun ever wrote a book as good as Rudyard Kipling's "Pook," or hustled like his palface neighbors. The sagamores and other josses are merely lazy charlie-hosses; they wear a smile and safety pin, and when they sleep they dream of gin, and often die of sheriff's posess. We see the Injun in the circus, with Cossack, Greek, and swarthy Turk cuss; and there he seems entirely great; but when he meets us at the gate, as we go home, he tries to work us. I've met the Injuns pretty freely along the trail from Butte to Neligh; and what I think and what I know about the festive, fragrant Lo—it wouldn't do to tell you, really. I've seen them on their native heather, in groups of one, and all together; and this I'll chortle in their praise: There's nothing like the golden days of hazy Indian summer weather!

WALT MASON.

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AT THE HOTELS.

"It appears from facts collected by Allen Hagen," said William Volkhardt, of New York, at the Raleigh last night, "that the amount of water consumed in American cities is enormously greater than that consumed in English cities. Yet our great towns are continually enlarging their supplies."